The Democratic Advocate.

WESTMINSTER, MD. SUPPLEMENT. APRIL 5, 1884.

J. Q. STITELY & SON,

LIBERTY ST., WESTMINSTER, MD.

Having associated with me in business my son Oliver, the business will now be run under the name and firm of J. Q. Stitely & Son, where you will constantly find on hand a full and select assortment of

Agricultural Implements and Machinery of All Kinds.

The Champion Cord Binders, Reapers and Mowers, Oliver Chilled Plows, Lebanon Wrought Share Plows, Hench Cultivators,

SPRING-TOOTH HARROWS

Both riding and walking; Evans Check Row Corn Planters, the Wyard Hand Planters,

Corn Shellers, Feed Cutters and Masticators, Thomas Hay Rake, The Bullard Hay Feeder, Empire Engines, Separators

And Clover Hullers, The Empire and Bickford & Huffman

GRAIN AND GUANO WHEAT DRILLS,

Wheat Fans, Single and Double Shovel Plows, Single Trees. Also a

FULL LINE OF REPAIRS.

The Buckeye Iron Pump

Cucumber Pumps and Tubing

Of all kinds. We now call your special attention to the celebrated Emerson & Fisher

BUGGIES AND PHÆTONS.

Have just received a fresh carload of them, and are now ready to accommodate our many friends and customers with the best Buggies in the State for the money.

☞AN UNRIVALLED COMBINATION Of cheapness, durability and style. Extraordinary success!

☞ OVER 100,000 CARRIAGES SOLD And perfect satisfaction given. Come and see the newest styles, with latest improvements, and select a Buggy, Phæton, Family Carriage, Cart or Spring Wagon, made by the Emerson & Fisher Company expressly for our trade.

J. Q. STITELY & SON,
Liberty Street, opposite Depot,
feb 16-6m Westminster, Md.

THE LARGEST VARIETY

AND FINEST LIQUORS

IN CARROLL COUNTY

IS AT

A. C. STRASBURGER'S,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I name in part—12 grades of Whiskies, including the well-known

WELTY WHISKY,

10 grades of Brandies—Apple, Peach, Ginger and Blackberry Brandy; Holland and Domestic Gins, White and Red N. E. Rum, Kimmel, Port, Sherry, Catawba, Claret and Rhein Wines; imported and Domestic.

CHAMPAGNE, BASS ALE and Hibbert's Brown Stout, Raspberry, Ginger and Lemon Syrup.

I Guarantee the Purity of our Liquors

and the quality of our goods, and will use every endeavor to give entire satisfaction in regard to price.

I also have a large stock of

CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

All I ask—examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. may 6 1882-tf

---

BUY YOUR HARDWARE AND STOVES

OF

M. SCHAEFFER & CO.,

WESTMINSTER, MD.,

NEAR RAILROAD.

We are receiving an elegant line of fine heating Stoves, economical in fuel, ornamental in design, easy to manage and reasonable in price.

Cook Stoves and Ranges in the latest and most approved patterns guaranteed.

Sole agents for the celebrated New Light-House Cook and Excelsior Penn, Othello and New Record Ranges, also the New Golden Sun and Boynton 1882 Fire Place Heaters, the very best in the market.

Keep on hand always a full line of

HARDWARE, WOODENWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, PLUMBERS' AND GAS-FITTERS' SUPPLIES.

Manufacturers of all kinds of Tinware. Roofing and Spouting promptly attended to.

Call and examine stock and learn prices. sept 9-tf

---

166 N. GAY STREET. 166

NEW HARDWARE STORE,

E. SCOTT PAYNE & BRO.

166 North Gay Street,

WHITE FRONT................BALTIMORE.

As our business is largely increasing and requiring more room to store and handle goods, we have removed to the above spacious warehouse, where we will be pleased to see our friends and the public wanting Hardware.

We have a large and well selected stock of

Builders' and Carriage Hardware,

PLOW CASTINGS,

Farmers' Tools, Cutlery, Axes, &c., &c.,

AXLES & SPRINGS,

Steel Tire, Bar Iron and Tool Steel, Felloes, Spokes, Hubs and Wheels, and a full stock of Carriage and Wagon Hardware.

E. SCOTT PAYNE & BRO.,
oct 28-6m 166 N. Gay St., Baltimore.

T. P. BUCKINGHAM,
(Successor to A. M. Warner),

West End..............Westminster, Md.

DEALER IN

SYRUPS, SUGARS, COFFEES, TEAS, BACON, LARD, SALT, FISH, BURNING AND LUBRICATING OILS, CONFECTIONERIES, PURE CIDER VINEGAR, TOBACCO, CIGARS, CIGARETTES, ETC.

Also Agent for ROLAND CHILLED PLOW. Repairs constantly on hand. A call is solicited.

july28-1yr T. P. BUCKINGHAM.

MAGISTRATES' BLANKS for sale at this office.

DO NOT WAIT

UNTIL

THE RUSH COMES!

BUT GO AT ONCE

TO THE

LARGEST MERCHANT TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

In Westminster,

AND SELECT YOUR

SPRING AND SUMMER SUITS

FROM THE

Finest Stock of Piece Goods

EVER SHOWN HERE.

All the Latest Novelties

—IN—

CLOTHS and CASSIMERES.

GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS

A SPECIALTY.

First-Class Tailor has Charge of our Custom Department.

READY-MADE

CLOTHING!

Of the Best Quality and Make.

☞ NO CHEAP, SLOP-SHOP WORK CAN BE FOUND IN OUR STOCK.

SHARRER BROS.,

Wantz Building,

OPPOSITE CATHOLIC CHURCH,

WESTMINSTER, MD.

mar29—84

TRUSTEE'S SALE OF A **VALUABLE FARM,**

Situated near Melrose Station, on the Bachman's Valley Railroad, in Manchester district, Carroll county, Md.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Carroll county, sitting in Equity, passed in cause No. 1921, wherein Jacob D. Zouck and Adam W. Hinkle, executors, &c., are complainants, and David Stremmel and Sarah Stremmel, his wife, are defendants, the undersigned, trustee named in said decree, will offer at public sale, at the store of C. B. Wentz, in the village of Melrose, on

Saturday, the 26th day of April, A. D. 1884,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following valuable real estate, to wit:

38 ACRES OF LAND, MORE OR LESS,

situated one mile west of Melrose, adjoining lands of Phanuel Wentz, Wm. Crumrine, Reuben Shaeffer, Esqs., and others, and within half a mile of the turnpike leading from Manchester to Hanover, Pa. The improvements consist of a 2-story

Log Dwelling House, barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. There is an abundance of fruit, consisting of apples, peaches and grapes, upon the premises; 4 acres in thriving timber, while the whole tract is enclosed with fair fencing, and in a high state of cultivation. This property is convenient to churches, schools, stores and postoffice, and its close proximity to the Bachman's Valley Railroad makes it very desirable to any one in want of a small home.

For further information call upon or address the Trustee at Westminster, Md.

Terms of Sale.—One-third part of the purchase money to be paid in cash on the day of sale, or upon the ratification thereof by the Court, and the residue to be paid in equal payments, the one to be paid in six months and the other in twelve months from the day of sale, with interest from the day of sale, and the credit payments to be secured to the satisfaction of the Trustee.

WM. A. McKELLIP, Trustee.
Wm. N. Hayden, } Solicitors.
Wm. A. McKellip, }
P. A. Gorsuch, Auctioneer.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to the creditors of David Stremmel, who were such on the 20th day of September, A. D. 1878, to file their claims with the vouchers thereof with the Clerk of the Circuit Court for Carroll county within two months from the day of Sale.

WM. A. McKELLIP,
mar 29-ts Trustee.

PUBLIC SALE OF A FARM,
On the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

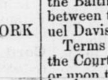
By virtue of the power contained in the last will and testament of Porcius Gillis, deceased, and of an order of the Orphans' Court of Carroll county, the undersigned, as administrator with the will annexed, will offer at Public Sale, at Watersville on the Baltimore & Ohio Rail Road, to the highest bidder, on

Thursday, April 24th, A. D. 1884,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following Property, to-wit:—A part of a tract of land called the "Falls Farm" or by whatsoever name the same may be known, containing

125 ACRES, 2 ROODS and 28 PERCHES

of land, more or less, together with the improvements thereon, consisting of a Log and



Frame DWELLING HOUSE, Log Barn and other necessary outbuildings. A spring of excellent water near the house. About one-half the above land is in timber, and the whole is well watered by Gillis' Falls. This farm is situated on the public road leading from Woodbine to Watersville, stations on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, nearly midway between them, and adjoins the lands of Samuel Davis, John Flemming and others.

Terms of Sale as prescribed by the order of the Court:—One-third cash on the day of sale or upon the ratification thereof, and the residue in nine months and the other payable in eighteen months from the day of sale; the credit payments to be secured by the bonds or single bills of the purchaser or purchasers, with sufficient security, bearing interest from the day of sale.

CHAS. T. REIFSNIDER,
Administrator W. A. of Porcius Gillis, deceased.
29-ts Reifsnider & Fink Attorneys.

IS YOUR LIFE WORTH A DOLLAR?

Perhaps that seems a high price for it, considering how poor your blood is, and how your whole system is prostrated, debilitated, and enfeebled. People have been heard to say, under such circumstances, that they would not give the toss of a copper for the choice between life and death. But when it comes to actually drawing near the grave, a man naturally draws back, and says he does not want to die. Life is very precious, and even to a broken-down man it is worth saving.

One dollar will buy a bottle of *Brown's Iron Bitters.* That one dollar may start you on the road from misery to recovery. A man must take a very mean view of himself who is not willing to invest that much in making one serious effort to rescue himself from deadly debility, and to step into the enjoyment of solid health. *Brown's Iron Bitters* vitalizes the blood, tones the nerves, and rebuilds the system. Its work is well known. Invest that dollar in a bottle. nov 24

WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.

Don't be dismal! Your liver is torpid, perhaps, and you may be said to be bilious. The way to help you out of difficulty is to take *Brown's Iron Bitters,* which sets disordered livers at work in good style.

Don't be cross and angry! Your digestion is bad, and that upsets your disposition. If you will try Brown's Iron Bitters, you will find the digestive difficulties driven away in short order.

Don't be despondent! You are weak because your blood is thin, and you cannot face trouble, or think you cannot. *Brown's Iron Bitters* will put iron into your circulation, enriching the blood, making it a royal red color, and giving you the strength you need.

The troubled, the weary, the despondent, the nervous, the debilitated and the bilious find rest, repose, refreshment, and reconstruction in the use of that prince of Tonics, Brown's Iron Bitters. The druggist charges a dollar a bottle for it. dec8

THE OLD PITTSBURGH

AMMONIATED BONE SUPERPHOSPHATE OF LIME.

A complete Fertilizer for Spring Crops. The following are a few of the many farmers that can fully endorse the above: Jacob Brehm, David J. Leister, Oliver Beaver, Leonard Rosenberger, David Brothers, John T. Shueey, Wm. Struth, John J. Reese, Wm. Logue, Joshua Lockard, Jr., Frederick N. Hook, Wm. Coppersmith, James Lockard, Milton Chew, Lawrence Zepp, Elias G. Shipley, George W. Blizzard, James H. Shipley, Solomon Zepp and George Seipp.

WALKER'S CORN MANURE, a cheap and reliable Fertilizer, endorsed by some of the best farmers in the state; also *WALKER'S DISSOLVED BONE PHOSPHATE.*

☞ A reduction has been made in the time price. Give me a call before purchasing, as it will be to your interest to do so. Supply on hand at my residence, East End, Westminster, Md. L. ZEPP,
mar 29-2m* Agent.

THE WEAK AND THE IMPURE.

The merry little mountain brook, as it lightly dances over the rocks and sparkles in the sunshine on its way down to the river, is pure and clean. It is active; therefore, it is healthy. It is vigorous; therefore, it resists impurity.

But the sluggish pool, where the current is not strong enough to keep the water in motion, is stagnant and foul. Dirt and rubbish are thrown into it, and stay there. Impurities and vile odors make it a breeder of disease and an object to be avoided.

When the blood is strong and rich and red, and vigorously courses its accustomed rounds through arteries and veins, the system is hearty and healthy.

When the blood is thin and poor and weak, impurities and defilements creep into it, and it has no strength to cast them out. Then the system runs down.

Brown's Iron Bitters contain the only preparation of iron which can enrich the blood, and make it pure, vigorous, and healthy. A dollar a bottle, at the nearest druggist's.
dec 1

NO. 2217 EQUITY.

In the Circuit Court for Carroll County, in Equity.

Noah Sullivan et als. vs. Eliza Jane Smith and husband et al.

Ordered this 27th day of March, 1884, that the private sale of the property mentioned in these proceedings, made and reported by William A. McKellip, trustee, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary thereof be shown on or before the 28th day of April next; provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper printed and published in Carroll county once in each of three successive weeks before the 21st day of April next.

The report states the amount of sales to be $5,000.00.

FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.
True Copy,—Test:
mar29-3t FRANK T. SHAW, Clerk.

MISCHIEVOUS MALARIA.

To say that malaria is *mischievous* is to put it very mildly. It is all that and more. It is cunning, deceitful, treacherous, sly, and underhanded. It does its work in the dark, and in such a sly way that much of the mischief is done before it is discovered. It saps the foundations of a healthy system. It robs the blood of its vitality, demoralizes the liver, confounds the stomach, and makes the victim wish he were in his grave. It is sad to see people sit down in their misery, content to be the victims of mischievous malaria, and thinking that nothing can be done for them. The power of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS over the mischiefs of malaria has been so amply proved that there is no reason why anybody who can procure a bottle of this Prince of Tonics shall suffer. Great is the power of malaria, and great are its disastrous effects. But greater far is the beneficent influence of BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. The preparation of iron in this favorite family remedy can be taken without ruining the teeth or producing constipation and headache. sept 29 1-w

---

FINE CIGAR AND TOBACCO STORE,

MAIN STREET NEAR COURT.

All the Choice Brands of Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Cigareetts, Pipes, &c., &c. Also a large stock of all the best brands of Cigars, Foreign and Domestic.

COLE & LANG'S Celebrated Brands of Cigars a Specialty.

L. C. TRUMBO,
marc-29-84tf Westminster, Md.

THE MORAL OF IT.

We may moralize as much as we please about pain; but the fact is, that we don't like it while it lasts, and that we want to get rid of it as soon as we can. Whether caused by rheumatism, gout, discrdered liver, weak nerves, irregular kidneys, bad blood, or anything else that is just the reverse of what it should be, the sooner it is out of the system the happier we are. Whether pain is the result of imprudence or of accident, or is sent as a punishment for our sins, may be a nice question for the philosophers to argue; but people who are suffering want first to be rid of the pain, after which those who are fond of argument may argue the matter to their hearts' content.

Above all theory, argument, and philosophy, comes the delightful fact that BROWN'S IRON BITTERS drives pain away. Sufferers run no risk in trying this medicine, the only compound containing iron which carries no mischief with it. Those who have used it will tell you so; and you can try for yourself by buying a bottle of the nearest druggist.
nov. 10

THE largest Store, Largest Stock, lowest prices, best goods, at Albaugh's.

MISS RIVERS' REVENGE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

my plans and draw soothing pictures of the effects of my revenge. I resolved to risk no chance meeting with the foe; and feeling that a good beginning would be half the battle, before six o'clock I went to my room to arm for the fray.

Remember, I am confessing, not jesting. I sent for my maid, and bade her take down my hair and brush it. If, as her deft fingers braided my locks to my satisfaction, I had thought the girl would have comprehended me, I might have quoted certain lines of Mrs. Browning's which kept singing through my head:

Comb it smooth, and crown it fair:
I would look in purple pall, from the lattice down the wall,
And throw scorn on one that's there.

Anyway, she crowned it fair enough, and by my express desire, clad me in my most becoming gear. Then, a few minutes before the bell rang, I sent her away, and stood alone before the cheval glass, surveying myself with a contented smile. For my plan of revenge had at least the merit of simplicity; it was to win that man's admiration—if possible his love. Upon the day when he offered me the latter, and I coldly and scornfully rejected it, I should feel that I had squared all accounts between us in a manner highly satisfactory to myself.

How do women win men's love? I did not quite know; but I fancied, if conducted properly, the operation was not of a difficult nature. I hoped and believed I should succeed. Although my resolution reads badly, and sounds even worse, I confronted myself by thinking that as I meant to refuse what I laid myself out to win, no one would dare to censure me or accuse me of very unbecoming conduct. And now what are my weapons with which to conquer.

I look at myself in the glass. It may read like vanity, but I feel that old Mr. Ramsay's prediction is fairly verified. Although I blush as I appraise myself, I know I am something not, perhaps, far off a beautiful woman. I am tall. My figure is fairly good. My complexion will bear any test; and something tells me I could, if I wished, make my eyes dangerous. So much for nature. As for art, I have chosen the prettiest of many pretty gowns, and my gowns now have a knack of sitting well upon me; so I am not ashamed to walk gracefully across the room, and courtesying to myself in the glass, say, approvingly to my double: "Yes, Heritage Rivers, you have grown into a very decent sort of a woman—a very decent sort!" Having refreshed my memory by the repetition of that peculiarly galling phrase, I gather up my skirts and sally forth to victory.

Fortune favored me. As the greatest stranger and last arrival, it would have been in Vincent Hope's province to take our hostess into the dining-room, had we not been favored that day by the presence of a county magnate, whose claim to precedence could not be lightly overlooked. It seemed but natural and part of the plot that the Squire should present Mr. Vincent Hope to Miss Rivers, and for the second time in their lives these two should be seated side by side sipping their cup in unison—but this time, if wounded vanity was to be the result of the contiguity, Miss Rivers would not be the victim.

"So I began: "You have come straight from town, Mr.—Vincent, I think the Squire said? We all call him Squire, you know."

"O yes. He is an old friend of mine. But he called me Vincent Hope, I suspect."

This gave me what I wanted, an excuse for looking him full in the face—an act which, besides being a fitting tribute to his fame, enabled me to observe how time had treated him. So I lifted my lashes and looked straight at him. If Time had not been quite so idle with him, it had treated him kindly. He was handsome as ever. The hair near his temples being just flecked with gray, did not detract from his good looks. I thought his features looked more marked, and the whole expression of his face more confident and powerful even than of old. He had won success, and, no doubt, fully realized and enjoyed the fact.

"Vincent Hope!" I echoed. "Not *the* Vincent Hope?"

I guessed instinctively that flattery was not a bad gun with which to open fire. By this time his name was so well known that it would have been affectation to appear to misunderstand me. He bowed, and smiled.

"How delightful!" I exclaimed; my look, I am ashamed to say, confirming my words. "Now, tell me how I should talk to you. Ought I to give you my opinion about all the characters in your books; or ought I to sit silent and awed, treasuring up every word of wit and wisdom you may let fall?"

"Neither, I must beg. I have just thrown off the harness, and come down to enjoy the Squire's clover. I am trying to forget there is such a thing as work in the world."

"Very well. I shall take you at your word; after, as in duty bound, saying, I have read all you have written, so far as I know."

His wish to avoid the topic of his own achievements may have been a genuine one, but nevertheless he seemed pleased with my remark, and looking at me with a smile, said: "Exchange is but fair. I scarcely heard what the Squire called you."

"Rivers—Heritage Rivers."

"Heritage Rivers," he echoed musingly. "It is an uncommon name; but I fancy I have heard it before."

"Oh, please don't say so, Mr. Hope. I did think I had one original thing to boast of—my name. How would you like, after looking upon all your plots as original, to find them but plagiarisms?"

He laughed. "Many are, I fear. But you are trespassing on forbidden ground. Let us seek fresh pastures."

We did so. We talked all dinner-time I think we talked about everything under the sun—talked, moreover, almost like old friends. When he differed from my opinions, he told me in well-chosen words why he differed. And as he spoke, I whispered ever and anon to myself: "Raw and awkward—a decent sort of a woman." Yet, now, Mr. Hope was condescending enough not only to listen attentively to my words, but to reply to them as if they had weight with him. All this was very delightful. The first steps to revenge were smooth and pleasant ones; for there is no need to say that I hated him as much and felt as vindictive as ever.

He was walking straight to his fate. I felt it when, just before Mrs. Lighton gave the signal for departure, he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, and was good enough to say that, to him, the peculiar charm of this particular dinner was that such an agreeable interchange of ideas would not be ended with the night, but might be resumed to-morrow. Coming as it did from such a famous person, I could only glance my thanks, blush, and look pleased at the compliment.

When, with the rest of my sex, I rose and walked to the door, I knew that his eyes were following me; and I knew also that, although clever, captious, critical those eyes might be, they could find little fault with my bearing or general demeanor.

At Blaize House it was understood that the gentlemen, especially the younger ones, were not allowed to linger long over the wine. When they entered the drawing-room, I was sitting, almost hidden from sight, in a recess near the window. I noticed, as I came through the door, that Mr. Hope looked round, as if in search of some one, and as, when at last he discovered my retreat, his search seemed at an end, I could only think its object was myself. However, we had little more to say to each other this evening. All the children of the house were his friends, and had many questions to ask him. We had music and singing as usual; but I made some conventional excuse, and did not take my share in them. Before we parted for the night Vincent Hope came to my side.

"Surely you sing, Miss Rivers?" he said.

"A little. But I'm not in the mood to sing to-night."

He pressed me to make the attempt, but I refused. Thinking I had done quite enough for the first evening, I kept my voice in reserve. But I talked to him for a short time about music, and found him well versed in the art, and, of course, an unsparing critic. He was very hard on the ordinary drawing-room playing and singing, and by no means complimentary to the performers of the evening. I laughed, and told him how thankful I felt that something had warned me not to show my poor skill to such an able but severe judge. My words led him to believe that my talent for music was a very third rate one. This was exactly what I wished him to think.

He was soon drawn away from my side, and we spoke no more until the general good-night took place, and the men went off to the billiard room, and my own sex to their couches. Once more I courtesied to Miss Rivers in the cheval glass, and told her she had surpassed my most sanguine expectations. Then, in a very happy frame of mind, I went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

Very promising, too, were the events of the next day. I felt that the man I hated was paying me attention above my fellows. Of course, it was not marked enough to attract notice, but attention it was undoubtedly. He walked with me, and told me, among other things, a great deal about his early life and struggles for success. He was quite interesting, so much so that I wished I could check these confidences. I feared that his talk might awaken a suspicion of sympathy in my mind, which would grievously interfere with my still nursed revenge.

That evening he repeated his request that I would sing; but after the way in which I had misled him, I knew he only urged me for the sake of politeness. I commenced with one of those little ballads which he so much disliked, an easy, simple little thing, which could only be borne out of the commonplace by feeling on the part of the singer. I glanced at him as I finished the song. He thanked me quietly, but I saw he looked puzzled. Then I placed Beethoven's Adelaide before me, and sang it as I had seldom or never before sang it—entirely to my own satisfaction. I rose from the piano, and our eyes met. He did not join in the chorus of thanks, but I knew he was more than moved, and as he followed me to my chair I exulted as I thought that the pet weapon in my armory had struck well home.

"Miss Rivers," he said, "I thought no amateur in England could sing that song to her own accompaniment as you sing it. I can only congratulate you, whilst blaming you for deceiving me so last night."

I thanked him for his compliment, and for the rest of the evening Mr. Hope talked little except to me.

There! I will write no more about it. Now I am utterly ashamed of it all. Had it not been for my resolve to reject it when offered, I would have stooped to win no man's love—not even Vincent Hope's. But in five days I knew that my work was done and fully done—so fully that I dreaded the result of it, and began to wish I had not been so vindictive. Worse than all, friends—as friends will—were exchanging knowing glances, and commenting on the relations which appeared to exist between my foe and myself. Could I have conquered my nature, and decided to forego my revenge, it was now impossible to do so. For my own sake, matters must come to a climax, that all might see how little I cared for the man.

One night, as I sat in my dressing-gown over the fire, trying to make up my mind to tear myself from the pleasant glow and get into bed, Mabel Lighton entered my room. She was a true, good girl, who spoke her mind freely, and at times lectured even me. "Heritage," she said abruptly, what do you mean to do with Vincent Hope?"

I could not for the life of me help changing color, and was compelled to shield the cheek nearest Mabel with the fan which had been protecting my eyes from the firelight.

"Do with him! I don't know what you mean."

"Yes, you do," retorted my mentor, "Had it been any one but you, Heritage, I should have called her a flirt. But you are not a flirt, we know."

"What have I done, Mabel?" I asked. The screen was still between us.

Mabel quietly pushed it aside; then, placing her hands on my shoulders, scrutinized my face in a most uncomfortable manner. "You have done this, and who can wonder at it? You have gained this man's love entirely. But, although it seems so unlike you, I believe you have brought him to your feet for vanity's sake. Heritage, he is a good man—a proud man. If you mean to give him nothing in return, I should say his life will be wrecked. Do you love him, or are my fears well founded?"

In some fashion I was bound to reply. I sought refuge in levity. "When I am moved to confess my sins, Mabel, it will not be to you, but to some nice, ascetic high-church curate."

"Don't talk nonsense. I am in bitter earnest. Vincent Hope will surely ask you to be his wife. You are rich, and he is comparatively poor; but I know that will not influence you. Only I say again, if you refuse you are to blame for all that happens."

This must be stopped at any cost. Until now I had always believed that hysterics and affectation were synonymous.

"Mabel," I said, "I hate Vincent Hope; but at this moment I think I hate you even more! Go to bed. I am too tired to say another word; so go away."

Therewith, I got into bed, turned my face to the wall, and left Mabel to put out my candle and get back to her own quarters when she saw fit.

I was annoyed and ashamed. She had nearly accused me of what I had in truth been guilty of—making love to my enemy. As people noticed my conduct, it became more and more necessary that I should clear myself from all such imputations. This could be done in one way only.

Perhaps I had the grace to avoid Vincent Hope somewhat during the next two days. Perhaps that very avoidance hastened the catastrophe. But on the third day, chance—pure chance, mind—left us together and alone. For a moment there was silence between us; then he drew near to me, and said in a quiet earnest voice: "Heritage, I love you. Will you be my wife?"

I could not answer. All I could do was to prevent myself breaking into hysterical laughter.

He tried to take my hand. "Heritage, my darling! I think I loved you the moment I saw you. Look up, and answer me. Say you love me, and will be my wife!"

His wife! After hating him for so long—after Mabel's reproaches—after winning his love in a way the thought of which made me blush! Never, never, never!

So I steeled myself—drew myself up to every inch of my height—looked him full in the face—triumphed, and took my revenge. I hope and think I spoke composedly, if not coldly.

"Mr. Hope, you honor me greatly, but it cannot be. Please, never mention it again."

His face was very pale; and when an expression of positive pain left it, grew stern, almost hard. My manner must have convinced him I was in earnest. No doubt, had I wished, I could have made him fall at my feet and plead passionately. But then, unless one is an utter savage, vindictiveness must be limited. I had done enough.

Perhaps, under such trying circumstances, no man could have behaved in a more dignified manner than did Mr. Hope.

"I am to understand," he said calmly, although there was a look in his eyes I dared not meet—"I am to understand you—you do not love me."

I bowed.

"Please let me hear yon say so," he said.

"I do not. Let us say no more about it. I think I will go back to the house now."

We walked in silence until we were close to the gates. Then he said: "Unless my presumption to-day makes my presence unbearable to you, I shall stay two days longer, as I promised Mr. Lighton. It is not worth while to set people inquiring as to the reason for a hasty departure."

"Certainly not," I answered, "Stay as long as you wish; or, if you prefer it, I will leave."

"That is out of the question," he replied, as we crossed the threshold and parted.

I went to my room—to exult, of course, in my revenge. It was so full, so complete, so exactly as I planned it. And writers and poets say that revenge is sweet. O yes, it was very, very sweet to me—so sweet, that I doubled-locked the door, that no one might see how much I enjoyed it—so sweet, that I threw myself on my bed, and thought my heart must break as I sobbed and wept: for the truth must be told—I loved Vincent Hope even as he said, and as I hoped he loved me. Yet, for the sake of vanity, I had to-day rejected the love of a man, the best, the noblest, the cleverest in the world! I had hurled my hoarded stone, and right well it had fulfilled its mission; but its rebound had crushed me. O yes, revenge is very sweet!

I rose, and walking up to the Heritage Rivers in the cheval glass, shook my fist at her violently. "You fool!" I said to her. "A nice mess you have made of life! Revenge, indeed! Call it by its right name, folly. Go and clothe yourself in sackcloth—cover your head with ashes, and cry your eyes out for to-day's work." Then Mabel's words about a wrecked life came to my mind; and although I could not believe that the happiness of such a man as Vincent Hope could depend upon an idiot like myself, I thought of that strange look I had seen in his eyes—that look no resolution of mine could make me meet. So I went back to bed once more, and cried and abused myself. Ay, revenge forsooth, revenge *is* sweet!

In spite of all, I determined to go down to dinner. I would do that much, for his sake. It should not be suspected that anything had gone wrong between us; and I knew that, if I stayed away, Mabel, for one, would certainly guess what had occurred. This, if I could prevent it, should be known to no one. I smiled grimly as I thought how my revenge must fail in this; that the world would never know what I scorned and refused. I made a great effort; dabbed my eyes with rose water, and went down-stairs in passable trim.

To-night, we were not side by side, but sat directly opposite to one another. Mabel was right—Vincent Hope was a proud man. His discomfiture was no concern of the world's, so he showed no traces of it. All save one at that table would have said that his heart was gay and light. No one would have dreamed that, a few hours before, his love had been refused by an idiot of a girl. He laughed and jested; anecdote and witty repartee fell unceasingly from his lips. He held the whole talk, or every unit of the party talked to him. Yet, woman-like, I noticed that he drank more wine than was his usual custom, and at times there was a sharper, harder ring in his voice. Had it not been for this and the remembrance of the look which still haunted me, I could have believed he had forgotten or brushed away from his mind the events of the day. Vincent Hope was a pround man, and Heritage Rivers a fool!

I would rather say nothing about the next two days. I hated myself so much, that I wonder I have ever forgiven myself—perhaps I never have. All I care to say is that none ever suspected what had happened; even Mabel began to think that the accusation of flirting should lie at Vincent Hope's door, not mine; for although he talked to me when needful, it was easy to see that his manner was changed.

The morning of the third day came, and I knew that in a few hours we should shake hands, part, and there would be the end of everything.

Blaize is fifteen miles from a railway station, and that station is so unimportant that very few trains stop at it. Vincent Hope, to reach town that evening, was obliged to start betimes. Soon after luncheon, Charlie Lighton and the dog-cart were waiting to take him to the train; and after many expressions of regret from host and hostess, he took his seat and was ready to start. Of course our hands met, as, in common with every one else, he bade adieu—a quiet polite adieu, nothing more—not even coupled with the conventional wish we might meet again. Why should he wish to meet me again? Our encounters as yet had not been happy in their results to either! That accomplished whip, Charlie, gathered up the reigs, and with a last, all-embracing good-bye, Vincent Hope was sped away along the winding carriage-drive, and, for the first time in her foolish life, Heritage Rivers knew that such things as broken hearts may be found outside romances.

Something was afoot that afternoon—walking party or skating party; for it was the middle of January and bitter cold. Now that the necessity of keeping up appearances for another's sake was at an end, Miss Rivers—my unworthy self—felt very much like breaking down and disgracing herself. She longed for solitude, and made some excuse to stay at home. As every one was bound on the expedition, she had the house practically to herself. After bemoaning her wickedness and folly for some time in the sanctity of her own chamber, a strange craving came over her. She felt she must go down and sit in the little room which adjoined the library; and although censuring her own weakness, she yielded to the impluse.

Vincent Hope, in spite of his resolve to spend his time at Blaize House in well-earned idleness, had been unable to do so exactly. Omino us rolls of printed matter came by post—a sin of long standing, he said, which publishers insisted on dragging into daylight at once. So he did one or two hours' work each day, and grumbled at it in a very amusing manner. By tacit consent, the little room had been kept sacred to him; there, when he chose, he worked without fear of interruption. It was no doubt on account of this that Miss Rivers felt that uncontrollable desire to sit for a while in this particular room. The stupidity of her desire need not be commented upon, as her generally idiotic nature must have made itself manifest many pages back. She entered the room and closed the door softly. She sat down at the leather-covered table, and leaning her head on her hands, looked anything but a prosperous, healthy, comfortable, young womam. Presently she glanced stealthily around her, and from the bosom of her dress drew out a photograph of a very handsome, distinguished looking man. Mr. Hope had given it to her, at her request, some days before. It was to go into her celebrity album, she told him. Laying it on the table between her elbows, Miss Rivers gazed at it long and earnestly, until her foolish eyes became so misty with tears that she could see it no longer. One by one those tears began to fall, and soon came so fast that she gave in altogether—forgot where she was—forgot all risk of interruption; and laying her head on the table, presented the very picture of woe. Her bewailings and beweepings were at their greatest height, when the door was suddenly thrown open and Mr. Hope stood before her! She sprang to her feet, and in her agitation brushed the photograph to the ground. Even in her dire confusion, the prayer that it might fall face downwards framed itself. But she dared not look to see, she had to face the intruder as best she could. Yet he seemed for the moment taken even more aback than Miss Rivers. He stammered out something about a shaft broken three miles from home—impossibility of catching the train—come back to write telegram, etc. Then he looked on the ground, and what he saw there was enough to make him glance wonderingly at the shamefaced girl, who stood before him with wet lashes and glowing cheeks.

Miss Rivers—Heritage!" he said, "tell me what this means."

She made no reply, but endeavored to pass him. He blocked the way, and by the exercise of some force, took both her hands in his. As they stood there, she could see on the ground between them that unlucky photograph lying foce upwards.

"Let me go, Mr. Hope," she said. "It is unkind to keep me against my will."

Her appeal was vain. His strong hands held her yet more firmly. He seemed to be waiting until she chose to look up and meet his eyes. But that would never have been—not if they had stood there till the present moment.

At last he spoke; his voice was almost grave: "Heritage, I am very proud. I have always vowed I would ask no woman twice to be my wife; but I will ask you once more if you love me."

Miss Rivers only bent her head lower and lower.

"Answer me, Heritage!" he said in a changed, passionate voice. "My darling, answer me; and this time truthfully!"

It was no use. Had she wished to do so, she could fight no longer. She ventured to raise her eyes a little, and said, so timidly, so differently from her usual way of speaking: "If I thought you would only forgive me I would try and show you what I cannot—will not, tell you—how much I love you!" She was very, very humble in her new-found happiness.

Then Vincent Hope loosened her hands a little, and—— Well, these things only happen once in the life of a true woman, and she should neither write nor speak about them. But when Charlie Lighton came to look for the telegram, not even written, nor, in the proposed form, to be written, Vincent Hope and Heritage Rivers were wondering, as every orthodox pair of lovers should wonder, why they were chosen out to be made the two very happiest people in the whole world.

So this was how I consumated my revenge.

It was only after we were married that I ventured to tell my husband that I had actually laid myself out to win his love—and why, when won, I had rejected it. My confession, which was really seriously made, being complete, he looked at me with mock severity.

"Heritage," he said, "had I known this before, I might, even at the eleventh hour, have thought better of the step I was taking in putting my future happiness in the hands of such a vindictive young woman."

"And perhaps, sweet sir," I answered, "for the very fear of that, I have deferred my explanation until now."

An Elephant Color-Bearer.

During a battle in India the driver of the elephant carrying the colors of the army had just given the command to halt when he was shot dead. The elephant never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the Mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten, and rallied again and again round the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. Mahratta swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there, with the dead and dying around and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village 100 miles away, and brought the Mahrat's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clanging as he went, paced quietly and slowly away.

WHAT IS A WHAT.—Joseph Cook, the æsthetic lecturer, began a lecture at Boston by launching out the following conumdrum: "What's a What? What is the face of a doubled-sided Somewhat?" An idiot like that ought to be searched for fire-arms. He will begin frothing at the mouth some day and bite or shoot somebody. Anybody that has got any sense knows that a What is a cross between a Which and How and Somewhat is a descendant of a Where on its mother's side. But Cook ought to be put in a straight-jacket, or he will stab somebody with a dirk.

Success and Failure in Life.

The following is a portion of the brilliant address to the students of the University Medical College, of New York city, delivered by Chauncey M. Depew, Esq., on the evening of their graduation, the 11th of March.

In our American vocabulary and popular philosophy everything almost is ascribed to luck and opportunity. The country is crowded with men whose careers have been wasted or wrecked by the speculations, feverish anxieties, lack of fixed purpose and persistent industry, and the hopes and disappointments thus incurred. While these elements form part of the phenomenal successes which astonish the world of business, the prizes in the professions belong only to those who honestly win them. Crowded as are all the avenues, there is always about as much room for a man as he is able to occupy. Failures are due to two causes—one that you have mistaken your calling; the other that you will not or cannot work. The men who are early and late at their vocations, who are alert to take advantage of every opening, who are not swerved to the right or left by weariness or desire for change, who do the best they know how whatever they attempt to do at all, form the minority which invariably wins. Commodore Vanderbilt once remarked to me in regard to an exceptionally brilliant man, who fell continually exasperatingly short of what his friends expected: "There is a cog loose somewhere in his machinery." The old Commodore was not a metaphysician or mental philosopher, but with his usual keen, hard sense he pointed out the difficulty of the mass of professional failures. Their mental equipment is for some other purpose. The moment a man discovers that nature intended him for something else let him stand not on the order of his going, but go at once, before starvation drives him and orders him up. The sooner a poor doctor, lawyer or clergyman recognizes that his genius is for merchandise or types, the skilled trades or accounts, the better for himself, the profession and the world. I have secured positions for two lawyers, one as a brakeman and the other as a freight clerk, and both are advancing with earnest strides and confident anticipations towards the presidency of the road. The disappointments and heart-burnings in a career come largely from our false standards of success. We are over-educated in the view that wealth, income and expenditure are its only indices. In the absorbing rush for more money come the tampering with trust funds, peculations and suicides, which are the sociological problems of the hour.

But when properly trained and fitted, as certain as the rising and setting of the sun so sure as the doctor of position and income sufficient for a clean and healthful life and its opportunities for usefulness and honor. The first few years of self-denial and struggle are not the dreaded evils they are pictured, but rather the athlete's training, the soldier's discipline, their hardships forgotten, their experience and value happily remembered after the victory. We lawyers are accustomed to saying that we owe to you the most lucrative part of our practice—contesting the wills and settling the estates of your victims.

Every professional, every educated man, owes something to the community in which he lives. All the educational, humanitarian, social and political work of the neighborhood have legitimate and imperative claims upon him. His advantages impose upon him public activities and, in a sense, leadership. The doctor's opportunities surpass all others. The demands upon the pulpit to-day are so great that the pastor becomes almost an impossibility. On the wordly side, as guide, adviser, friend, the doctor takes his place. The most sacred secrets of the family are his. He settles the disputes, reconciles the estranged, reclaims the lost, and soothes the sorrowing. In its largest and fullest sense he is and must be a teacher, and his quiet influence reaches all classes and conditions. He should be then a Republic informed and interested in all public questions, the friend of good government, the enemy of bad rulers. But he cannot go to the Legislature or Congress without ruining both his practice and professional standing. His strength is the confidence his patients have in his personal skill and fidelity, and it cannot be transferred. The public-spirited doctor is always popular, and ambition sometimes tempts him to listen to the flattering plaudits of his fellow citizens, but no physician ever tried it who did not regret it the rest of his life. I know of no career so full rounded, so successful in the best sense, as that of an old and faithful country doctor. Never much richer than his modest home he has always had enough for his simple wants. He has given his children little of fortune, but all that was attainable of a liberal education. Every good cause has felt his influence, and the poor his silent charity. In his life all of every age feel that in him they have a friend, and when he dies they know they have lost one.

Ancient Dentistry.

A lecture upon ancient and modern dentistry, by Dr. S. J. Peters, of New York, before the Maritime Provincial Association, Friday evening, contained some interesting facts. The speaker found the first record of dental work refers to 500 B. C. It has been claimed, because gold has been found on the teeth of mummies, that the art of gold filling is very ancient, but a close examination shows that the gold was used for ornamentation only. Under date of 300 B. C. there is mentioned artificial teeth of ivory, fastened to their neighbors with wire, and a leaden tooth-puller. Gales first discovered in A. D. 150 that teeth were true bone. John Wootendale was the pioneer of American dentistry. He came to this country in 1766, and the first set of artificial teeth made here were for William Walton, of New York. A set of teeth which Dr. John Greenwood made for George Washington still exists in New York. The Greenwood family still possesses the last natural tooth extracted from the jaw of the Father of his country. A century and a half ago it was customary to transplant sound teeth from the jaws of poor victims to those of richer people, who were willing to give a couple of guineas for the sacrifice. Porcelain or mineral teeth were introduced in this country in 1817. Samuel S. White, of Philadelphia, established a tooth factory which now turns out 5,000,000 per year, about one-half the annual demand of the world. The introduction of nitrous-oxide gas and ether in 1844 and 1846 was the last great step in the profession.

According to the *Indiana Farmer,* a man near Nashville, Tenn., is making a profitable business growing persimmons. He has realized as much as $10 a bushel for his best cultivated variety, and has devoted a goodly portion of his land to a persimmon orchard, with the intention of showing the American people just what can be done with a product that grows in every old field in the Southern and Central States, and has heretofore been looked upon as little less than a nuisance.

A man's mind is like his bed. It should be made occasionally.